Edw. Clifford, repent in bootleſſe penitence.
War. Clifford, deuiſe excuſes for thy fault.
George. Whil'ſt we deuiſe fell tortures for thy fault.
Rich. Thou pittiedſt *Yorke*, and I am ſonne to *Yorke*.
Edw. Thou pittiedſt *Rutland*, and I will pitty thee.
George. Where's captaine *Margaret* to fence you now?
War. They mocke thee *Clifford*, ſweare as thou waſt wont.
Rich. What, not an oath? Nay then I know hee's dead:
Tis hard when Clifford cannot foord his friend an oath.
By this I know hee's dead, and by my ſoule,
Would this right hand buy but an houres life,
(That I in all contempt might raile at him)
Ide cut it off, and with the iſſuing bloud,
Stifle the villaine, whoſe inſtanched thirſt,
Yorke and young *Rutland* could not ſatisfie.
War. I, but he is dead, off with the traitors head,
And reare it in the place your fathers ſtands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned Englands lawfull King.
From thence ſhall *Warwicke* croſſe the ſeas to France,
And aske the Lady *Bona* for thy Queene.
So ſhalt thou ſinew both theſe landes together,
And hauing France thy friend, thou needs not dread
The ſcattered foe that hopes to riſe againe.
And though they cannot greatly ſting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them buſie to offend thine eares.
Firſt, Ile ſee the Coronation done,
And afterward Ile croſſe the ſeas to France,
To effect this marriage, if it pleaſe my Lord.
Edw. Euen as thou wilt good *Warwicke* let it be.
But firſt before we goe, *George* kneele downe,
We here create thee Duke of *Clarence*,
And girt thee with the ſword.
Our younger brother *Richard*, Duke of *Gloſter*.
Warwicke as my ſelfe ſhall do and vndo as himſelfe pleaſeth beſt.
Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*, *George* of *Gloſter*,
For *Gloſters* Dukedome is too ominous.

War.